

The Annals of 1911



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TO
MRS. ELIZABETH J. SOMERS
THIS VOLUME IS IN
LOVE AND GRATITUDE
DEDICATED BY THE CLASS
OF 1911

"MORE IS THY DUE THAN
MORE THAN ALL CAN PAY"



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Prologue

Oh stop, ye readers, one and all,
Forbear to skip this page!
Listen to our dissertation,
E'er you do our merits gage,
Give your sympathy and patience,
Judge not hastily our fun,
Remember if you're prone to censure,
Ne'er before has it been done.
First you'll find, with little trouble,
All the facts, from A to Z,
Of the life of nineteen 'leven.
Then look farther, and you'll see
Pictures of the other classes,
Juniors, Soph'mores, Specials, too,
Though you'll have to wait a season
E'er you learn what they can do.
Give your verdict, gentle reader;
If this please,—then that's our meed.
We are waiting for your judgment,
Reader, now you may proceed.

The Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

ELIZABETH SWARTZELL

Business Manager

SUE WATSON

Assistant Editor

DOROTHY PEET

Assistant Manager

CLARINNE HUNTER

Associate Editors

EMILY WINSHIP

MARDO PECK

VIVIAN CAUNT



THE SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class

Color: GREEN

Stone: PERIDOT

Flower: LILY OF THE VALLEY

Motto: ἂ Θαναοία

Officers

PresidentIRENE BROWN
Vice-PresidentMARY NEIPP
SecretaryDOROTHY PEET
Treasurer GERTRUDE TWEEDY



ELIZABETH BROWN

66 BEAVER ST., SEWICKLEY, PA.

Entered 1909. From Miss Graham's School, New York. B. T. S. Optima Club.



IRENE BROWN

909 GRANT ST., DENVER, COLO.

Entered 1907. Secretary of the Junior Class, 1910. President of the Senior Class. Author of the Class play, "The Conqueror." Class Poet.



EMILY CAMPBELL

506 WEST PINE ST., STILLWATER, MINN.

Entered 1909. A graduate of Stillwater High School. T. B. V.

VIVIAN CAUNT

619 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Entered 1909. From Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass. I. T. S. Secretary of Optima Club. Treasurer of Lend-a-Hand. President of Glee Club. Associate Editor of Annual.



VERA CLEMES

MEDICINE LODGE, KAN.

Entered 1910. A graduate of Western High School, Washington. Class Prophet.

KATHRYN DECKER

MADISON AVE., CONVENT STATION, N. J.

Entered 1909. From Kent Place, Summit, N. J. B. T. S. Optima Club.





HELEN FOSS

NYACK, N. Y.

Entered 1909. From Haverstraw High School.
B. T. S. Glee Club.



DOROTHY HARVEY

2100 CALUMET AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered 1909. From Ogontz. I. T. S.



CLARINNE HUNTER

1824 R ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Entered 1908. From Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr.
T. B. V. Assistant Business Manager of Annual.
Day Student.

EVELYN JACKSON

827 DELAWARE AVE., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Entered 1910. From Buffalo Seminary, Buffalo.
Optima Club. Glee Club.



JOSEPHINE LACY

3200 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered 1909. From Westlake School, Los Angeles. I. T. S. Optima Club.



BESSIE LEWIS

827 NORTH FOURTH ST., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO

Entered 1909. From Dillworth Hall, Pittsburg.
Optima Club. Cercle Français.





WYNIFRED MAXON

307 NORMANDIE AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Entered 1909. From Westlake School, Los Angeles.
I. T. S. Optima Club. Glee Club.

MARY NEIPP

ROBIDOUX HOTEL, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Entered 1909. A graduate of St. Katherine's School,
Davenport, Iowa. B. T. S. Vice-President of Junior
Class. Vice-President of Senior Class. Optima Club.
Glee Club.



MARDO PECK

THE CHAMPLAIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Entered 1909. From Miss Haire's School, Chicago.
Cercle Français. Associate Editor of Annual. Day
student.



DOROTHY PEET

110 VIRGINIA AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Entered 1909. From St. Mary's Hall, Fairbault, Minn. V. V. Secretary of Senior Class. Glee Club. Class Historian. Assistant Editor Annual.



ELIZABETH SWARTZELL

2117 BANCROFT PLACE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Entered 1909. A graduate of Friends High School, Washington. B. T. S. Treasurer of Junior Class. Optima Club. Secretary Cercle Français. Editor-in-Chief of Annual.

MARCELLA THOMPSON

17 HORTENSE PLACE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Entered 1909. From St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana. V. V.





GERTRUDE TWEEDY

3416 13th St., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Entered 1908. From Central High School, Washington. T. B. V. Class Treasurer. Day student.

SUE WATSON

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

Entered 1909. From Dwight School, Englewood, N. J. B. T. S. Captain "White" Basket-ball Team. President of Lend-a-Hand. Business Manager of Annual.



EMILY WINSHIP

1175 PEACHTREE ROAD, ATLANTA, GA.

Entered 1909. A graduate of Washington Seminary, Atlanta. V. V. Vice-President Optima Club. Secretary Lend-a-Hand. Glee Club. Cercle Français. Associate Editor of Annual.



History of 1911

Dorothy Peet



In ages past 'neath smiling summer skies,
There wandered often, bards about the land
Whose grizzled beards reached almost to the knees
So hoary were they, from long journeying.
Around the neck there hung a silver lyre,
Whereon with trembling fingers they would strike,
And in sweet accents tell the well-known tale.
They sang of deeds of valor of the land
Of kingdoms conquered, battles lost and won,
Of knights in armor fighting at the joust,
Of damsels fair who proudly smiled on them.
No longer are there bards to sing their songs,
No longer are there lyres with silver strings
To sing of prowess, but the deeds of men
Are shut in pages of dust-covered books.

But we, in memory of those ancient bards,
Will sing our own songs as they sang of old.
We tell how sometimes Fate was very kind
And all our deeds were favored; how sometimes,
Fate lead us blindly so we lost our way,
Like Greeks of old, fierce smitten by the Gods.
But through our songs the note predominant
Is ever Truth and Immortality;
So harken well to Class of Nineteen-Eleven,
And glean from our own lips our history.

First, as timid Juniors, our Class formed—
(We sing not of those days when we were young,
But pass by quickly to our greater years
When Wisdom sits upon our brows and sways
Her sceptre over all our smallest deeds.)
Our Class though great in numbers and in strength
Was lacking in its present dignity.
We chose our color and the paradox
Wherein thou mayest read of our desires,
And in its depths find promise of success.
Our Junior Class the color safely kept,
Though in the end—most doleful to be told,
The contest was withdrawn—so no one won.
When next the Juniors come to prominence,
All eyes were dazzled by the wondrous feast
We gave the Seniors. There the lily white
And red carnations waned in friendship's name.
The toasts with mighty laughter filled the room,
And good will shook the rafters of the roof.
The Seniors sang to us a farewell song,
And wished us all a happy Senior Year—
And sorrowfully to them we bade God-speed.

Hail to the Senior Class!
We've honored and loved you long.
Although we were rivals
In days that are past,
Forget, and list to our song,
When we are Seniors too,
Your example will lead us on;
With earnest endeavor,
Our song will be ever—
Hail to the Senior Class!

"When school days here are o'er,
And Juniors and Seniors part,
Our lives will be brighter
Our courage more strong,
Your motto will live in our heart.
May blessings strew your path
And your way be filled with song;
Wherever we meet you
With these words we'll greet you
Hail to 1910!"

We trembled as we watched the Senior Class,
Suffused in knowledge, read their Senior Themes;
'Twas Conservation that they preached abroad,
"Conserve the trees for races yet to come,"
What was our theme to be? We feared to guess;
The Senior play then filled us with delight,
Yet could we ever dare aspire so high?

Then a green ivy planted 1910,
And gave the time-worn shovel unto us—
Thus one by one their last tasks they performed,
Doubts and forboding sadness filled our hearts
And spent itself in tears. When we marched in
And took the Senior seats we felt the pall
Of a new dignity creep in our souls—
A new responsibility for all.

The fall of 1911 came and brought
The eager Juniors to their Seniorhood;
In Senior House they thronged and gazed about
A little proudly on the world at large.
We gave the world to know of our desires
And aspirations for the year to come.

"Hark! and listen to the song of Senior Class,
Hark! and listen to her glories unsurpassed;
She holds our loyalty,
Honor we'll ever bring to thee,
So sing, Seniors, ever merrily
To Class of 1911."

(*Tune*—Every Little Movement)

We chose the lily of the valley white
To typify a spirit pure and sweet,
The butterfly, the symbol of the East,
Which bears the message on its golden wings
Of immortality—

"Pan, the God of Music,
Played on his silver flute,
A fragrant lily
Beneath his feet took root.
And as the music quivered,
Down from the heaven's sky,
Just as a beam of sunshine,
Fluttered the butterfly—
Down to the earth it flew,
Right where the lily grew.
Oh! thou tender flower,
Looking to the sky,
Cherished by sunshine,
Formed like a butterfly!
Butterfly our symbol,
Lily our flower."

(*Tune*—Santa Lucia)

It came to us that e'er the Junior girls
Should be a class they all should prove their worth,
So rules were read in chapel, bidding them
To treat us as their betters and to show
Respect. And lest we should forget
Their diverse names, or mix them with the rest,
They wore small bows of ribbon on their arms—
Not as the knights wore favors on their sleeves
To bring them luck. They having proved their worth,
We hailed them as a class.

"Your days of woe are over now,
You can all rejoice;
No more wait
Outside the gate,
Or wear that bow of white.
We now greet you as a class,
Try and prove your worth;
From now till the end
May you ever ascend,
Oh! Junior Class."

(*Tune*—Bring Me a Rose)

As winter came, Thanksgiving Day grew near,
And as the custom is, we searched our hearts
To find what was our greatest cause for thanks,
And when we found it, this is what we sang:

"Come, all ye Juniors, for we want to say
Why the Senior Class is so thankful today—
No lessons this morning did we have to get,
And it made us so happy that we're happy yet;
This morning we had breakfast at the same old time,
But we're just as thankful as if we'd had it at nine;
But most of all we're thankful for the things we've had to eat,
And hope that these joys we can soon repeat.

Chorus—

“Senior Class, most of all we’re thankful
Senior Class, for the things we’ve had to eat;
Senior Class, most of all we’re thankful,
Most of all we’re thankful for the things we’ve had to eat.

As time went one, another class was formed,
Our sister Class, with Teddy at their head;
We welcomed them, and launched them on their way.

“One day a Class of Sophomores was formed,
With resolutions to be our friends;
We are united in spirit and friendship,
To stand by them always—be loyal and true.

Chorus—

Nineteen thirteen—
Here’s to our Sister Class;
Nineteen thirteen—
With Teddy you’re sure to surpass.
“Oh, me! Oh, me!”
So says the Junior Class;
But they don’t count,
You will surmount—
One, nine, one, three.”

(Tune—One, Two, Three, Four)

The Juniors gave a doleful tragedy—
A drama from the mighty Shakespeare’s pen;
Though tears should flow at such a sad affair,
We laughed instead—perversity of Fate!
Great Cæsar died because his cat would howl,
Calpurnia besought her lord in vain;
To stay at home because she had no starch

Wherewith to make his rolls presentable.
When Cæsar died, O woeful was the day—
He handed to his friend a "pickled lime,"
To Brutus—and his ghost returned and slew
The rest—so all were corpses on the field.

"Oh, we have seen the Junior players, one and all;
You Cæsar, Portia, Brutus, and Mark Antony,
The t-r-i-u-m-v-i-r-a-t-e,
And listened to the plots of the conspirators,
And listened to the plots of the conspirators,
Praising, praising, we were only praising you;
Praising, praising, just to see what you would do.
We've heard the wail of the "petite" Calpurnia,
We've heard the clear meowing of great Cæsar's cat,
We've seen the blinking and the shining "Coudou" moon;
And we have listened to Caruso's final note,
And we have listened to Caruso's final note,
(Change tune to "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

"Here lies your glory in the gore of Cæsar's blood,
Here lies your glory in the gore of Cæsar's blood,
Oh, we're mighty proud of you,
Ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta,
And here's to Nineteen Twelve."

(*Tune*—Pot-Pouri)

The Sophomore's showed their talent in a play,
'Twas called "The Burglar." Do the shivers run
All up and down your spine? Oh, tremble not!
The "Burglar" proved—just Mrs. Somers' cat.

"Oh, I wish I had my Charlie,
Oh, I wish I had my Jack,
Cried the girls in the Burton Cottage,
'Twas only a man they lacked.

Val had the shotgun pointed,
While the others trembling sat;
They heard a noise in the kitchen,
Then Freda brought in the cat.

Chorus—

“Oh, we’ve come to sing your praises,
And to thank you for the way
You gave to us last evening,
Your clever, charming play.”

Then o’er our History comes a gloomy cloud—
The Color Contest. Oh! we sadly weep,
To call up such sad memories. I would shrink
To put these words on paper, but the thought
That “E’en the best do sometimes make mistakes”
Consoles me. So I tell you this sad tale.
The tin box smuggled into Senior House,
The telegrams, the packages, the hints,
Were false, and we were baffled in the end;
But just to show you how we would have sung
If we had been victorious—listen now:

“Try, try, keep on a-trying,
Buy, keep on a-buying;
Early in the morning, late at night,
All your strength and spirit,
In the mighty fight.
Pry, pry, keep on a-prying,
Spy, spy, keep on a-spying,
But we found you at last.
Oh, we’ve guessed your color,
Oh, we’ve guessed your color,
Oh, we’ve guessed your color, Junior Class.”

(*Tune—“Cubanola Glide”*)

And—

“We’ve guessed your color, Juniors,
We have traced you through the halls,
We have met you at the florist’s,
We have heard your midnight brawls;
Though to you it seems like toil,
Yet to us it was but play,
And we found you out completely,
Long before this Color Day.”

Instead we sang with lusty voices, thus:

“Did you ever go into a Contest,
With the aim a color to find,
Though you worked so hard from morn till night,
Fair fortune proved unkind?
But since we had to lose it,
We’re mighty glad you’ve won,
For a Senior part in this Contest,
Has been just lots of fun.”

(*Tune—“Did You Ever into the Country”*)

And for our own encouragement, we sang this song:

“Seniors, Seniors dear,
Don’t you feel so blue,
You’ve lost this time
But don’t you mind,
There is too much else to do.
And now the game is o’er,
We’ll praise the Junior Class,
For you’ve worked mighty well
For the class of 1912.”

(*Tune—“Ma-ma-ma-ma”*)

Those days are passed, and since those times we all
Have grown in wisdom and in dignity,
Our Seniorship did bear the greatest weight,
When into Chapel in our caps and gowns
We marched in solemn file. And, greater still,
Our presence when on Essay Day, we read
Our Themes, for we had pondered long and hard,
With many journeys to the Library.
Great tomes we'd read and many notes perused,
Till our heads swam with varied theories.
Heredity, Environment our Theme,
As days grew fewer, everybody tried
To make the Seniors happy—Juniors, too,
Gave us the Banquet, lovely to behold;
Their toasts and songs flung wide a welcoming.
This time the lily of the valley grew
Beside the pink Taft rose in simple grace.
Good Fellowship prevailed—though sadness, too,
When farewell songs were sung.

“Before we leave our school,
With all its memories dear,
To you the Junior Class
Will sing our praise sincere.
And when we all have parted,
Our love will always be,
And friendship, true and loyal,
Will bind us e'er to thee.

(Repeat last 2 lines)

"We wish for you, our Juniors,
Success and pleasure, too,
May Senior House be always
A home most dear to you.
Oh, cherish it with deepest love,
With longings in your hearts,
So farewell, Juniors, now we sing,
To you before we part."

(Repeat last 2 lines)

(Tune—"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs")

When lessons were completed and our books
Were closed and put away upon the shelves,
When all our tasks were finished, all our hearts
Were filled with deepest sorrow of farewell.

"The hour comes when we must part,
Oh, Junior Class;
But love will live within our hearts,
Oh, Junior Class;
Happy times for you we're leaving,
Treasured honors we're receiving,
Part we now while hearts are grieving,
Dear Junior Class.
The hour comes to bid farewell
To M. V. S.
We our parting sorrows tell
To M. V. S.
May thy spirit here attend us,
May our motto e'er defend us,
As into life you must send us,
Dear M. V. S.
We from thee now are parting,
Dear school home;
And life's journey we are starting,
Far, far, we roam.

But our love will be returning,
Though life's lesson we are learning,
Still our hearts for you are yearning,
Dear school home."

(*Tune*—"All Through the Night")

A myrtle tree we planted in the spring
To bear our motto, "Immortality;"
The spade, with ribbons decked, we handed down
To other Seniors who would treasure it.
And as the tree stood upright we sang clear—

"Dear home of the care-free hours of our youth,
The visions of futures to be,
Shall not sever our hearts or make us feel less
Our dear love which we send to thee.
But firm in our hearts we will cherish with care,
Those dear hours that from us have passed,
And as spring that each year breathes her fragrance anew,
We know that our love must last.

"We plant in thy garden an emblem of life,
As you planted within our breast
The longing, the striving, the yearning to be
That which seemeth to you the best.
May our spirit live as this myrtle tree,
And return to you here with the spring,
As the leaves and the flowers upturned to the sun,
So our hearts to you will sing."

(*Tune*—"Fair Harvard")

The climax of our Senior year was reached
When we, as actors, to the universe,
Proclaimed "He conquers all who conquers self"—
The motto of our school—and our play—
The skill of all the Seniors blazed forth.
Far brighter than the rest, our President,
From whose gold pen the drama did proceed.
Commencement time amidst a shower of flowers,
And all in white, each Senior took her place,
Each eager heart beat fast as in we marched,
And each from Mrs. Somers gained her prize.
Then as a Class, we sang to our dear school,
Our song of parting—song of 1911.





Prophecy

VERA DOROTHY CLEMES

HOW things will accumulate! For five years I had consigned all newspaper clippings, theatre programs, advertisements, pamphlets, etc., that concerned my friends in any way, to a certain drawer in my desk. On a chilly and disagreeable morning, having nothing else to do, I decided to look through the drawer and see just what it contained.

On top, among other clippings, this from the "Denver Post" caught my attention:

"GREY AND BUTTERFLIES SOCIETY GIRL'S LATEST FAD."

"Everyone, the oldest and youngest, the rich and poor, has been watching with acute interest the construction of the immense garage on the corner of Ninth Street and Clarkson Avenue. It has been the object of speculation, admiration, and awe, but not before today was its purpose made known.

"A visit through the building shows the color scheme to be in grey. Automobiles, furniture, carpets, and even the outside of the building is painted grey, with butterflies in evidence everywhere. Pictures and statues of this fluttering creature are placed in all the rooms.

"This building, so elaborately planned and decorated, contains fifty rooms. On the ground floor are accommodations for fifteen makes of automobiles from touring cars to delivery wagons. Above these are reception, reading, and lounging rooms, restaurants and cafes.

"This elegance and magnificence is for the benefit and comfort of all the poor. Their benefactress is Miss Irene Brown, Denver's most popular and original debutante."

"What queer things we are doing for the poor," was my thought as I fingered a clipping from "The Burlington Target," a Missouri paper.

"SUMPTUOUS SOIREE"

"Miss Mary Neipp entertained a large party of her maiden friends last evening, and a most enjoyable affair it was! Her two pet chickens—Emily and Tom—were on exhibition. It is said that these animals have almost human intelligence, and are of such comfort to their mistress that she never becomes lonely. Miss Neipp is known for miles around for her generosity. Certainly her hospitality reached its zenith last evening."

"Exactly like Mary," I said.

"What is this?" In enormous black letters I read:

"THRILLING HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE"

While trying to reach her home in ten minutes from Pittsburgh, Miss Elizabeth Brown was thrown from her auto. In rounding a corner, the auto collided with a farmer's wagon, knocking both vehicles to pieces. Miss Brown was pitched headlong into a nearby hedge, but received only a slight injury; it is thought, however, that a "staff" in some form or other, will have to be used by Miss Brown for the rest of her life. Expressions of sympathy from her many friends have made her room a veritable garden of roses. Flowers from near Washington and Philadelphia arrive hourly."

A small item fluttered toward the floor. I reached for it, as even the scantiest information must not be overlooked.

"STILLWATER'S FAIREST DAUGHTER JOURNEYS TO NEW YORK"

"Miss Emily Campbell, accompanied by her mother, departed on the 12.20 for New York. The object of this trip is to purchase her trousseau for her approaching wedding. This is Miss Campbell's second visit to the great metropolis. Her future husband is to be congratulated upon winning so widely-traveled a young lady."

A vaudeville program was among the clippings. I scanned the pages for any familiar name.

"Bessie Belle"
in her
Latest Comedy Success,
"Saffo"

Scene—Doctor's Office

Characters
Doctor Saffo

Patient—Bessie Belle

"In this comedy Miss Lewis has won unlimited praise. The realistic way in which she portrays the character has never been equaled. It is the story of a young boarding-school girl who fancies she has a sore throat, toothache, earache, headache, and all other aches possible. In the end the doctor and the patient live happily ever after."

"Actions will tell," and I guess in this case Bessie's did too.

A West Virginia advertisement read in this way:

"Wanted—A man about the house. Must be an expert bridge-player, be able to argue, be brave enough to listen to a D. A. R. meeting for five hours, be willing to be errand boy, elevator man, chauffeur, gardener, but above all, he must have absolutely no singing voice. This last requirement is definite, as I wish no one around me who can sing. Only men from Long Island need apply.

(Signed) SUE KEARSLEY."

"I believe I heard that Sue did find an applicant for that position."

A huge picture I espied among the other things. It was of a woman dressed in the fascinating costume of "Carmen" and bore this inscription:

"Miss Wynifred Maxon
in her
Latest Role
'Carmen'

"Miss Maxon has triumphed over Patti, Melba, and Calve in this part, imparting to it a dash and fire not heretofore achieved. Her reported engagement to a wealthy young automobile owner has been alternately denied and credited many times."

"I know that report was true—why Winnie used to say—"

I produced two little books, neatly bound, from the bottom of the drawer. "The Art of Silence," by E. Jackson, and "Scientia Omnium Rerum" or "The Knowledge of all Things," by G. Tweedy.

"What pleasure I had reading those books! The first on Silence was a lecture to young girls on talking so much and saying so little. Miss Jackson had given lessons daily. In Buffalo, where it had become quite a fad among the society girls, the men favored the course, because it promised to give them a chance to be as witty and as clever as they imagined they could be if only given the opportunity. The second book was too deep for one of my fertile brain. I caught glimmerings here and there of the meaning, but it was full of so many mythological, biblical, psychological, historical, geological, physiological, geometrical, literary references and facts that I failed to appreciate it. Men and women like Professor James and Miss Cole could perhaps comprehend it, but it was beyond me."

A letter—why had I preserved this? I opened and read:

"Am enjoying the sea-breezes, the motion of the ship, and the life on board so much. My dear, you have no idea how important I feel as the wife of a Captain. All the men are perfectly lovely to me, and I am having a splendid time. My career as a "toad"—ologist you see, ended thus."

I did not need to read further. A good sailor I knew Elizabeth would make, and that letter did not surprise me, for always, even in her school days, she planned to lead a seafaring existence.

A slamming of a door and the excited voice of my next door neighbor reached my ears. In apartments the conversation of many people are accidentally overheard, and I should have been deaf not to have heard this:

"Mac, if you don't send that dog of yours to the country immediately, I shall leave this place. We have had many discussions about him, and I don't intend to say another word on the subject. Either I or the dog must go. Seems to me you might do what I ask when you know how I detest

the creatures. I must say you are 'one of the three' most obliging husbands I ever had."

She was almost in tears. Then the soothing voice of Mac was heard. I had had these neighbors for a week. The woman was from Boston, and possessed a beautiful voice, while the man owned an automobile factory. They interested me very much—the woman's voice sounded strangely familiar, and I intended soon to find out just who she was.

Leaving them to finish their quarrel, I took out two invitations from among the pile of things. They recalled happy times. One had been to visit at a minister's home in Chicago. My schoolmate, Dorothy Harvey, I had found presiding over the minister's tea-table, and her interest in the slums and the poor was beautiful to see. Her devotion to her husband was only equalled by his admiration for her. The other invitation had been to a Harvard Commencement. My friend, Kathryn Decker, was living there with Professor ———, I can't recall his name. I remember, however, her elaborate wedding, at which there was almost a reunion of 1911.

Several clippings from a Washington paper showed me that Miss Clarinne Hunter and Miss Mardo Peck were the two reigning belles of that cosmopolitan city, but after a season of frivolity, they both had departed to strange lands. Mardo went to India as the bride of a Mara-rajah, and Clarinne to England as her ladyship the Countess of Annapolis.

A circus poster! Strange that I should have that; but upon reading it I discovered the reason.

"Mademoiselle Helene Foss

and

Her Two Dozen Trained Cameleons

"Be sure not to miss this exhibition! Bring the children! The marvels of the age! Almost superhuman feats accomplished by them."

"This act has been procured by Barnum & Bailey at an immense expenditure. Mlle. Foss demands twenty-five cents every time the animals breathe."

"This reads like an advertisement from the 'Musical Courier' :

"A piano and pipe organ recital by Miss Josephine Lacy, the composer of 'Evy Mine,' 'Harold, I Long For Thee,' 'Durie,' 'Anti-Matrimony,' 'Win-some Winnie,' and 'George, Meet Me Some Friday Afternoon.'"

"A Chautauqua program"—

"The management begs to announce the appearance of Miss Emily Winship and her world-renowned Lady Orchestra. This is absolutely the only one of its kind in existence. Miss Winship has appeared before all the crowned heads, bald heads, closely-shaven heads, empty heads, brainy heads, swelled heads, beautiful heads and homely heads in Europe and America. The management craves your indulgence."

Turning the pages of this same program, I read:

"Miss Marcella Thompson
in her
Singing and Dancing Specialty,
'Friendship'

"Her song, 'Disinheritance,' is a very merry jingle, and one of the season's greatest hits."

In the bottom of the drawer lay a billposter. It was the picture of a young woman in an aeroplane, underneath which was inscribed:

"MISS DOROTHY PEET, THE BLANK VERSIFIER"

"Miss Peet will ascend to the clouds today at 3.30 P.M. As a poetess she is known from St. Paul to Minneapolis, and is rivaled only by Shakespeare. In order to acquire the 'atmosphere' for poems she takes weekly trips in her aeroplane 'Bun.'"

The telephone rang.

"Hello."

"Yes."

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Viv— of all the people! in the next apartment? With Mac?"

"When did you arrive?"

"Really?"

"Yes, my reading of a 'Useless Life' took very well with the audience."

"I certainly will be right over."

Class Poem

I

When autumn's winds blew harsh and chill,
And to the south birds winged their flight,
The red leaves dancing through the air,
Like phantom fire in the night,
Called by the wind their treetops left.
Their journey through the world begun
Each searching for a purer light,
Each looking upward to the sun
To seek to find why fancy brought
To none the goal in life he sought.

II

For beneath the embers of their fire,
Now chilled and bitten by the frost,
The moth worm made his dwelling place,
And there among the leaves was lost.
It slept through cold and snow alike
Until the sun of spring awoke
The sleeping verdure of the hill,
And from the bonds the flowers broke,
Freed like spirits of the night,
Seeking only for the light.

III

When the violets through the grass
Upturned their blue to heaven's sky,
Then from his chrysalis so drear,
Broke the spirit Butterfly.
A moment paused, his wings outstretched,
To meet the brightness of the morning light,
Flickering like a candle flame,
Wavering like a sunbeam's flight,
He knoweth not quite how to turn,
He knoweth not that sunbeams burn.

IV

But following fancy, found himself
Upon the roses of the wall,
Pale, coral-tinted roses they,
With thorns beneath their blossoms tall.
They did not mean to injure him,
The little spirit of the spring,
They only wished his worth to test
And testing, tore one tiny wing;
But forth he flew—left them to reign,
In love of life forgot the pain.

V

Far he flew, returning often
To that flower he loved best ;—
On the daisy, with white petals,
Lingered after every guest ;
Sorrowed, when he had to leave her,
When in the world must take his place.
As the burning leaves of autumn,
So must he the future face,
Leave his golden-centered flower
For a much more thorny bower.

VI

Nurtured in the glowing sunlight,
Amidst the gold and coral, too,
Is it strange our butterfly
Has wings of very brilliant hue ?
For him the coral lent its warmth,
For him did the fair lilies blow,
When the flowers wafted their fragrance
After the sullen winter's snow,
Then did the earth rejoice in thee
Thou spirit Immortality.

IRENE L. BROWN.



Class Lamentation

Mardo Peck

I

Now as the dread hour approaches—
When we bid our last farewell;
When the shouts in the halls are dying,
And silent the inevitable bell.
We shall leave, but still we shall linger
For a final parting word,
Till the last train all but leaves us,
And the taxi's chug is heard.

II

And we envy those returning,
Whose lot seems fair indeed:
Who shall again delve deep in learning,
And the bell's dire summons heed.
Oh, how we love the bell's shrill call—
When from study it brings relief,
But groan when its echoes fill the hall,
To end some pleasure brief.

III

Oh, ye! that shall come after us,
Who still may have the joy
Of doing things at stated times,
That your pleasures may not cloy.
The bliss of hearing with surprise
Maud's early morning call—
As sleep you banish from your eyes,
Lest you from honor fall.

IV

Those wintry morns, so cold and dark,
When envious sleep still wooed—
We rose before the blithesome lark,
To partake of breakfast food.
Then hustle forth for exercise,
And walk a mile or two,
Breathing deep of ozone rare
Until the nose was blue.

V

And these nights, like fairyland,
When moon-beams shine so fair ,
And books fall unheeded from the hand,
As at the stars, we stare.
'Tis then a voice comes with a shock—
In the beautiful, still young night,
Saying, "Girls, it's nearly ten o'clock,
Now please put out your light."

VI

That voice whose memory I keep—
And will forever more,
Has urged us to refreshing sleep,
And to duties by the score.
Still other voices fill my ear;
And in our hearts find space,
Those who pointed duty-clear,
And made us trot our pace.

VII

Ye Faculty with knowledge rife!
Who oft our erring ways did preach,
We hope that through the years of life
 We your ideal may sometime reach,
We must leave, but we shall miss you
 And all your counsel wise;
And with joy we'll recall your scoldings
 Till tears of age bedim our eyes.

VIII

Those days of strife when battle raged,
 And we the Juniors trailed;
When the color contest fiercely waged,
 And we so sadly failed.
Now on the cold, deep ocean's strand
 The mermaids, in woe confess
That a beautiful, cruel, vandal hand,
 Stole their coral for M. V. S.

IX

We mourn to leave those hours divine,
 When Miss Walker called on each in turn
Some psychic theory to define,
 And taught us low ideals to spurn.
And when she'd ask with deep intent
 The meaning of some obscure word,
Each head in deep contrition bent—
 For of its meaning we'd never heard.

X

Those days which to our hearts are dear,
When poems we learned with diligence,
In English class we sat in fear,
Trusting our deep intelligence.
But when it came our turn to quote,
The words had sped away,
And the poem we had learned by rote,
We absolutely could not say.

XI

How oft have we with joyful mien
Long hours at the library spent,
That some slight knowledge we might glean
Of Heredity and Environment.
With furrowed brows and aching backs,
Huge musty books did we peruse
And fill our brains with solid facts—
Yet often pause to woo the muse.

XII

When in Senior House you pass the year
And lessons of length prepare,
Without Collier and his lift of cheer,
You climb the golden stair.
May you still some fleeting leisure know
The color to bring to light,
And may Nature still her kindness show
When for health's rewards you fight.

XIII

Now that our reign is at an end,
And coral holds her place supreme,
May Future some fond message send
To keep our memory ever green.
Dear M. V. S., your counsel wise
Shall make our paths more clear,
Our deepest love still rests with you
In recollections dear.





Class Song

To Senior Class of 1911
May glory, praise, and homage be given,
Your standards we bless,
Now raise them above,
And let us in chorus proclaim our love;
We leave thee dear school,
In the world take our place,
Prepared for the cares
We in future must face.
The friendships thou hast brought
Through life we shall take.
The lessons thou hast taught
Through our hearts penetrate.
To thee, M. V. S.,
Sacred debts we shall owe, and take away.
Memories sweet,
That in our own hearts we shall cherish,
Where'er fate leads,
These ideals will not perish;
The stamp of our worth proves our loyalty.
So praise 1911 we bring to thee,
And our symbol of Immortality.

Tune—Pilgrim's Chorus.

—VIVIAN CAUNT.





SENIOR HOUSE

Programme of Closing Exercises

Saturday, April Eighth

8.00 P.M.

Glee Club Concert

Thursday, April Twenty-Seventh

9.30 A.M.

Reading of Senior Themes

Sunday, April Thirteenth

8.00 P.M.

Installation of the Order of the Lily

Friday, May Twelfth

Moonlight Excursion to Great Falls of the Potomac

Friday, May Nineteenth

8.00 P.M.

Piano and Song Recital

Saturday, May Twentieth

11.00 A.M.

Alumnæ Reunion

Sunday, May Twenty-First

8.00 P.M.

Baccalaureate Sermon

By Rev. W. R. Wedderspoon, D.D.

Monday, May Twenty-Second

10.30 A.M.

School Day Exercises

Tuesday, May Twenty-Third

8.00 P.M.

Senior Play

"The Conqueror"

The New Willard

Wednesday, May Twenty-Fourth

11.00 A.M.

Class Exercises

8.00 P.M.

Senior Tree Planting

Thursday, May Twenty-Fifth

11.00 A.M.

Graduating Exercises

Address by

Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D.

The New Willard

A Discussion

Heredity and Environment

By the

SENIOR CLASS

1. *The Outlook Elizabeth Swartzell
 - II. *Direct Heredity: theories of..... Gertrude Tweedy
 - III. Social Heredity Josephine Lacy
Bessie B. Lewis
 - IV. Environment: analysis of Wynifred Maxon
Kathryn J. Decker
 - V. *Dill: A Story of Environment Elizabeth R. Brown
 - VI. The relative parts played by Nature and Nurture in the
Genesis of Genius
 - *a. The World's View—Carlyle's Conception of a
Great Man Sue K. Watson
 - b. The Test of History
 1. The Artist Clarinne R. Hunter
 2. The Musician Evelyn T. Jackson
 3. The Novelist Mary U. Neipp
 4. The Captain of Industry Dorothy Harvey
 - *5. The Leader Irene Brown
 - VII. The relation of the individual to his heredity and his
environment
 - *a. A Novelist's View Emily Winship
 - *b. A Dramatist's View Vera D. Clemes
 - *c. The Power of the Will Emily I. Campbell
 - d. The Awakening: a drama Vivian B. Caunt
 - e. A Factor in Environment..... Helen Foss
 - VIII. *Who Are the Disinherited? Marcella Thompson
 - IX. *Anyman: an allegory Dorothy A. Peet
 - X. *The Art of Arts Mardo A. Peck
- *Selected to be read Senior Day



THE JUNIOR BANQUET

Junior Banquet Song

Tune—"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs"

Before we leave our school,
With all its memories dear,
To you, the Junior Class,
We'll sing our praise sincere.
And when we all have parted,
Our love will always be,

Repeat: And friendships true and loyal,
Will bind us e'er to thee.

We wish for you, our Juniors,
Success and pleasures, too,
May Senior House be always
A home most dear to you.
Oh, cherish it with deepest love,
With longings in your heart,

Repeat: So farewell, Juniors, now we sing,
To you before we part.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar

Presented by the Junior Class

Cast

Julius Cæsar	Bessie O'Connell	
Brutus	Conspirators { Josephine Appel
Cassius Mona Burroughs
Casca Marie d'Autremont
Trebonius Margaret Bigelow
Mark Antony .	Triumvirs { Gladys Peet
Octavius Cæsar }	 Jennette Lane
Marcus Lepidus }		... Mildred Astrich
Pindarus	Ruth Edwards	
Cato	Margaret Hewitt	
Soothsayer	Josephine Murphy	
Calpurnia	Phyllis Purdy	
Portia	Katherine Beeson	
Cæsar's Cat	Elizabeth Drew	
Moon	Marguerite Condon	



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Burglar

Presented by
THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Cast

Mrs. Charles Dover, a bride	Madeleine Heminway
Mrs. Valine Armsby, a young widow.....	Effie Tuttle
Mrs. John Burton, the hostess.....	Kathleen Baillie
Miss Freda Dixon	Theo Cleveland
Miss Edith Brent	Marie Porter
The Burglar	By Himself



THE SPECIAL CLASS

The Special Class

presents

THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR

and

BETSEY TROTWOOD AT HOME

"THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR"

Mrs. Nickleby Gail Gorham

Kate Nickleby Matilda Sargent

Gentleman Next Door Elizabeth Luke

Peggoty Gretchen Gorton

"BETSEY TROTWOOD AT HOME"

Betsey Trotwood Harriet Candee

Mr. Dick Lois Millard

Janet Marjorie Lee

David Copperfield Margaret Mower

Mr. Murdstone Edith Young

Miss Murdstone Jerrene Rogers



MAIN HOUSE

The Conqueror

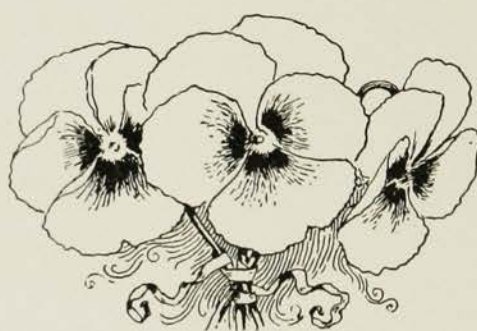
BY IRENE BROWN

Presented by

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1911

Cast

Prince of Hindustan.....	Mardo Peck
Rajah	Dorothy Peet
Ranga	Sue Watson
Nishada ..	{ Wynifred Maxon
Manu	
Nala	
Sanadah	Josephine Lacy
Messenger	Bessie Lewis
Soldier	Vera Clemes
Yogi	Kathryn Decker
Priest	Emily Campbell
Princess Kalee	Vivian Caunt
Dancers.....	{ Emily Winship
	{ Clarinne Hunter
	{ Elizabeth Brown
	{ Evelyn Jackson
	{ Marcella Thompson
Attendants to Rajah.....	{ Mary Neipp
	{ Dorothy Harvey
	{ Gertrude Tweedy



The Butterfly

It was almost spring in the great city. Already the hill and the forests of the country were clad with verdure. But, in the city, who had time to note these harbingers of spring; who had time to hear the songs of the birds that far too rarely dared the suffocation of the vile smoke that hung like a veil over the city? Who cared? Spring meant nothing; the machines of the great factories never stopped; their noises never ceased, and their filth was never purified. What could spring mean?

The little Italian girl, Theresa, gazed over her great machine out of the window at the smoky blue of the sky. O, how she longed for the brilliant skies and verdant hills of her native land; how her soul groped after the lost sunshine! Her head ached and her heart was heavy; two great tears rolled down her cheeks. O, how she wanted —

"Theresa be careful," cried her companion. But the warning came too late; she was caught in the iron grip of the great machine. True her employer had warned her to pay strict attention to the iron monster, but what are the warnings of an employer to one whose heart is filled with longings for the spring?

Several days later, in the simple ward of the hospital, Theresa lay unconscious of pain in her poor tortured body, conscious only of the green trees she could see through the window, alive to the spirit of spring, awake to the call of the birds, but unable to answer.

Many times she asked her nurse if she were not back in Italy, if her life in the factory were not only a dream. She could not understand why she must stay in bed. "But I have no pain," she would say to the big, grey doctor when he came to see her, "and I do want the sunshine so."

It was then that they moved her bed close to the window so that she might be "nearer to spring."

But Theresa knew from the calm quiet of the peace that was settling down on her that it was to be her last spring. How brightly the sun seemed to shine! O, there never was such a morning! The very earth seemed to dance, and the air to sparkle. The trees sang a song of triumph. Theresa felt that her supreme moment had come. O, how happy she was!

What was that that dropped so gladly through the window? Was it a spark of sunshine from the great world outside? Now it wavered—floated—now it fluttered and lighted on the flowers in the window. It could not be a bird, it was more like a great golden flower floating in the wind. Theresa thought it reminded her of a song that she had heard years ago in Italy. It seemed suspended, quavering, and then, in the fullness of the final note, it seemed to open the gates of heaven to her soul. Was it?—no,—it could not be.—Yes!—it was—a butterfly! Theresa looked at it in wonder, for to her a butterfly had always been the symbol of sunshine and light. Why did it linger so caressingly on the border between light and darkness? It seemed that it was weaving a net about her, as into the sunshine and back again it fluttered, weaving—always weaving.

She knew not how, but suddenly a voice seemed to say, "I am the spirit of life immortal, come and play in the light. Come and dance to the song of the spheres; come, come, come out into the spring! There is always sunshine and I will help you to see it."

The songs of the birds were drowned in more celestial music; the trees sang their triumph, and Theresa, clothed in the light of springtime, flew out into the sunshine with the spirit of immortality.

In the hospital the golden sunlight rested a moment on the still, white bed, then it too flickered away into the springtime.

IRENE L. BROWN.

Commencement

Thursday Morning, May Twenty-fifth
eleven o'clock



Program

PROCESSIONAL *Lachner*

"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

LARGO *Handel*

MR. ANTON KASPAR

PRAYER

REV. CHARLES WOOD, D.D.

OVERTURE—Der Freischutz *Weber*

CHORUS—"I Waited for the Lord" *Mendelssohn*

GLEE CLUB

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASS

"THE LIFE SYMMETRICAL"

REV. ROBERT JOHNSTON, D.D.

MORNING SONG *Henschel*

MISS O'CONNELL

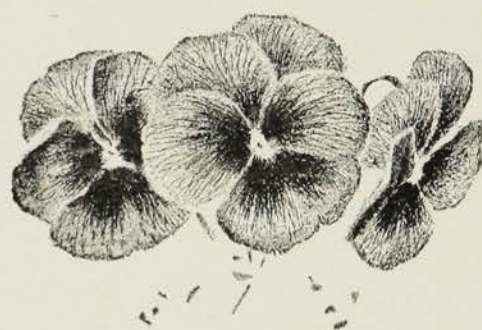
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

MRS. SOMERS

BENEDICTION

CORONATION MARCH *Meyerbeer*

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MR. JOSEPH KASPAR



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1911

Marcella Thompson

IN THE name of Everlasting Grinds—oh, we Seniors! We, members of the hard-worked class of 1911, of Mount Vernon Seminary, of the city of the only man who never told a lie, in the District of 69.245 square miles, having by numerous bluffs, quiz-books, and midnight oil, completed our lengthy course in the above venerable institution of learning and being about to pass to the gay life beyond, do make, constitute and ordain this, our last attempt at partiality, hereby revoking and annulling any former attempt at favoritism by either word or writing.

1st. As to the ceremony of our burial, we do direct that all hobble skirts be omitted and we be clad in Mother Hubbards (there having been some contention among our acquaintances as to the width of a perfect lady's skirt).

2d. We do direct that all our just debts of gratitude for week-ends spent at Atlantic City, the numerous dinners at the Willard, and visits to Chase's shall be paid for by our friends and beloved Juniors, by total abstinence from same.

3d. Unto our followers, by necessity, we bequeath our one large estate—Senior House Manor. Handle it with care, and may it forever be the home of our one male friend—Sir Peet Cole Coke. If the future holder of this property should at any time mistreat his lordship, or find him too infirm, then may he be sent in fitting state to the land of "intensive farming."

4th. We likewise will and bequeath the furnishings of Senior porch to you, Oh Juniors. May they help you in your already planned mode of entertaining the Juniors of next year. The only restriction that we suggest is that you treat gently the hammocks, and if Miss Purdy should meet with a mishap, that Miss Astrich be at hand.

5th. By special request our old and faithful servitor, Maud Hamilton, has asked to be passed on to the "Rogues' Gallery." It is our wish that you make her passage peaceful and placid.

6th. To Miss Katherine Beeson, it is the desire of Miss Clemes to leave the drawing-room, wherein to carry on her various conquests. May Miss Beeson meet with as much success. More advice is "Useless."

7th. The disposition of Beelzebub, Miss Decker's prized piece of protoplasm, in the shape of a turtle has perplexed us greatly, but it has been considered most fitting to keep it within the family, so we pass him on to the tender keeping of Miss Elizabeth Cook.

8th. The work of enlarging our intercourse with the outside world has not been altogether satisfactorily carried on. To you, Juniors, we leave the task of perfecting it under the direction of Miss Jennette Lane, for we recognize the fact that it would be an easy task for her to import a "cable" from Davenport.

9th. During the year we have noticed the scarcity in the sale of baseball tickets; the failure in the ball season has been due to many causes, but Miss Bessie Belle Lewis has weekly received her dividends, proving that her investments have been well chosen. This stock we bequeath to Miss Margaret Clingan, hoping she will derive every benefit therefrom as she makes use of the golden opportunities offered her.

10th. Our income from the trays and the sick list this year has not been kept up to the average. The carrying on of this enterprise we leave to Miss Katherine Pease, and feel confident that under her supervision and sudden attacks it will prosper. Misses Foss and Brown have become rather lax in their accounts.

11th. To Miss Agnes Patterson, after all our just debts have been paid, we will and bequeath, if there be any left, the Senior right to "Dill Pickles" and all contraband articles of food.

12th. The chameleons, Kate and Duplicate, have long made our home a scene of tumult, and though they have often strayed from the fern-leaf hearth, they hold a tender place in our hearts. To Miss Phyllis Purdy we leave them, trusting to her mighty and strong arm to keep these prodigals from harm and the wild ways of the world.

13th. It seems expedient that the "Admiration Bureau," conducted by Miss Dorothy Peet in the beginning of the year, be reopened next October by Miss Aileen McCarthy. We would hereby advise Miss McCarthy that all applicants be given strong stimulus, to the lack of which, Miss Peet's failure was due.

14th. A composed manner, a walking pocket dictionary, a melodious voice, Miss Mardo Peck leaves to Miss Josephine Murphy.

15th. One of our members, Miss Emily Winship, feels that she cannot fittingly depart from this life without making suitable disposure of her popularity, which she feels is too valuable to leave to mere chance disposal. In view of her request, we desire that the same become the portion of Miss Josephine Appel, although Emily's field of action has not been within the Georgetown limits. Directions for use:

A southern accent,
A rather winning smile,
A hypnotic "Boston."

16th. With great reverence we bequeath the immortal spirit of our poetic Irene to the soul of Miss Marie d'Autremont, with sincere wishes that she put this great gift to better use than praising the particular tilt of milady's eyebrow.

17th. The Worth and Paquin models, which Miss Josephine Lacy has had to lay aside on account of the revival of the simple "Somers' frock," and her lavish supply of earrings, she bequeaths to Miss Elizabeth Drew, as quite appropriate on her week-end trips to Annapolis.

18th. Miss Mary Neipp's continuous song, "Give Me Anything but Keep Me Thin," she leaves with tenderest compassion to Miss Elizabeth Thompson.

19th. After due consideration, realizing that she cannot carry her earthly possessions to the outside world, Miss Sue Kearsley Watson has, with many lamentations, decided to give to Miss Bessie O'Connell the much discussed private car, to be used on her flying trips to the "Ranch" near Mapleton.

20th. With great solemnity, we will and bequeath to you, Juniors, our dictionary. In glancing over this edition, you, perhaps, will notice the omission of the expression, "How Fresh!" This we have erased with all due respect to you, knowing your aversion to said phrase, and your plans for a more original mode of speech.

21st. Finally, to the class of 1912, we leave the home of tenderest memories, of sweetest friendships, of joys, of sorrows. May it mean to you what it has meant to us. Only when you, too, are Seniors, will you realize with what love and regret we give it to you, and ask you to take our vacant places.

Lastly, all the rest and residue of our estate, real, personal, and mixed, of which we shall die seized and possessed, we do give and bequeath unto such of our friends as patiently wait with us during the ordeal of graduation. We do hereby constitute and appoint Collier and Thomas to be Executors of this our last will and testament, hereby requesting that they be compelled to furnish bond in the sum of forty elevators and twenty rakes, before entering upon the duties of such Executors.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seal, this twenty-fourth day of May, A. D. 1911.

CLASS OF 1911.

Sealed, signed, published, and declared by the said Senior Class, as and for their last will and testament, in our presence, who in their presence, and at their request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

MITTY AND REX.



Epilogue

If we any have offended,
Remember but this simple thought:
Ills forgot are soonest mended—
Or, at least so we've been taught.
But if any have found pleasure,
In perusing this, our book,
We regret no hours of leisure
Spent in toil, while others took
Holidays and trips for pleasure,
To the river or the park.
We are paid now in full measure,
Though we have missed many a lark.
Our thanks sincere we give to thee,
Oh, gentle reader. Now, farewell!
Pray don't forget us—that's our fee;
Will you do it?—who can tell?

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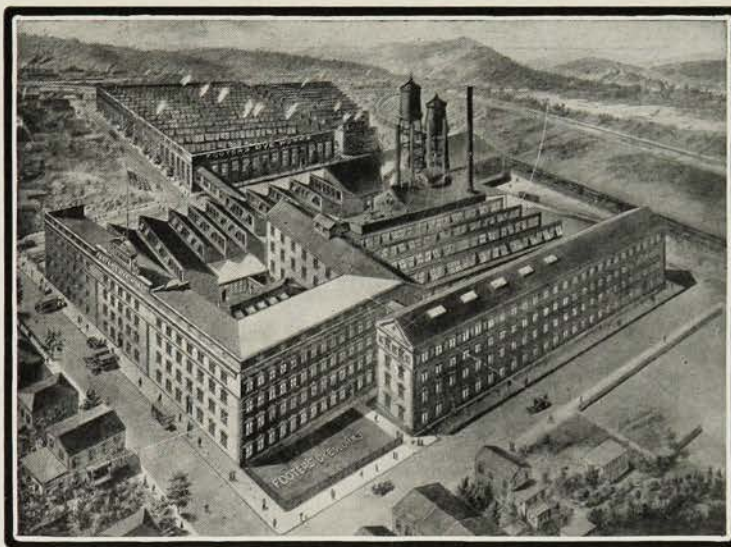
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